

Next Week, Dr. Wm. Mason Turner's New Story, "Bessie Raynor, the Factory Girl."

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No. 72.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY.

BY MAY RILEY SMITH.

Across my neighbor's window,
With its drapings of satin and lace,
I see, 'neath a crown of ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
His feet in their wee, red slippers,
Are on the floor, and his eyes
And the crowd in the street look upward,
And nod, and smile, as they pass.

Just here, in my cottage window,
Watching flies by the sun,
With a patch on his faded apron,
Stands my own little one.
His face is as pure and handsome
As the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking,
At my toiling every day.

Sometimes, when the day is ended,
And I sit down to rest,
With the face of my sick Darling
Hugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby
May not catch Heaven's roses, all;
But that some may crown the forehead
Of my loved one, as they fall.

And when I draw the stocking
From his little tired feet,
And kiss those rose-dimples,
In his hands cold and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments
Some little children wear,
And frown that my God withholds them
From mine, so pure and fair.

May God forgive my envy!
I knew not what I said;
My heart is crushed and humbled;
My neighbor's boy is dead!
I sat there alone,
As they carried it out to-day;
A mother's heart is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window:
The flowers bloom at my door:
My boy is chasing the sunbeams
That dance on the cottage floor;
The roses of health are blushing
On my darling's cheek to-day;
But baby is gone from the windo w
Or the house over the way!

Love-Blind: OR, WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "GATE-BOUND," "SHADOWED HEART,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

WINNIE ST. CYR.

A PETITE figure, of exquisitely molded proportions; hair of brightest brown, tinted with rich golden bronze shades—long, lustrous hair curled in a loose thick mass at the back of her head, and arranged *a la Pompadour* in front; eyes of a rare, violet hue, long in form and luminous in expression, with full white lids fringed with glittering lashes; a complexion that suggested ruby wine flung on the purest snow.

That was Winnie St. Cyr, as she alighted from the carriage at the door, and walked up the flight of marble steps.

A wondrously fair girl, with quiet, retiring manners, full of inbred culture and refinement; a trifle cold in her general demeanor, and very sensitive.

That was Lillian Rothermel's rapid mental description of her, as she went away from her window.

"She is dangerous; she shall marry Lester Alvanley!"

And she went gracefully down-stairs to meet Miss St. Cyr, wondering if Harry had seen her yet.

But she was a moment too late; for Miss Winnie had just gone into the room assigned her—"her room," she called it, the one she always occupied when visiting at Fernleigh.

At the door she dismissed the maid, and turning the key, sat wearily down in a comfortably-padded chair.

Fernleigh was no strange place to her; her very earliest memories were of this same room, where she could just remember seeing her invalid mother sitting by the window that commanded such a view of the swelling hills and winding river.

Then Mrs. St. Cyr had died, and Mr. Clavering, who, for her dead father's sake—one of Mr. Clavering's earliest friends—had given her mother a home to die in, had promised her to see that her little Winifred should be educated so she might be prepared to earn her own living when she grew old enough.

So the years went on, and little Winnie St. Cyr had grown a girlhood; a fair, sweet girl, too, with a complete education, a warm, tender heart, full of lasting gratitude to Mr. Edward Clavering, and possessed of a womanly independence that could not accept the offer to make Fernleigh her home.

So she went forth, earnest, brave and strong, to wrest from the world what it owed her—what it owes us all, and will pay us all, if we are but courageous enough to demand it boldly; if we are but strong enough and brave enough to go out to the fight with industry, economy and prudence for our weapons.

Winnie St. Cyr had been thus fortunate; she had at the very first found a congenial mode of life as children's private instructor in the family of Mrs. Dr. Florestan; success, a comfortable income; all reasonable happiness had come to her—except—

She had loved Harry Gordeloup so; with all the purity, tenderness and depth of her exquisite nature; he had been her sun, her king, her very life—and now, as she sat alone in the cool, darkened room at Fernleigh, where her mother had died, she thought how bitter a desolation had swept over her.

It had all happened so suddenly; it was hardly three years since she had first seen him—how well she remembered it!

He had come to Dr. Florestan's, one day, on business relating to his profession—Hr-

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He did not vouchsafe a glance at Lillian, who was keenly watching them both.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE MEETING IN THE GARDEN.

If, with all her consummate tact, Lillian Rothermel had arranged a meeting between the two, it could not have been more satisfactory to her; and, surprised as she was herself, she was enabled to conceal it.

Harry involuntarily stepped back; then, instantly reassuming an easy, indifferent air, raised his hat gallantly.

"I beg pardon, Miss St. Cyr; this is as pleasant as unexpected. I am glad you have joined us at Fernleigh."

He did not vouchsafe a glance at Lillian, who was keenly watching them both.

For an instant Winnie's heart gave such fearful leaps she seemed to suffocate; then, by some superhuman power, she concealed all signs of her sudden agitation; and, save by a quivering of the fingers Lillian held, she would never have guessed the emotion the girl experienced.

"Thank you, Mr. Gordeloup. I am surprised to see you here, as well."

Her voice was low and perfectly even, and she looked up at him as she spoke.

"Then Mr. Clavering did not tell you what although I expect to return in a day or so?"

"I have not seen him yet. Miss Rothermel, perhaps you mentioned it, and I did not take notice."

Winnie turned to Lillian, with a certain dim idea that matters were wrong between her and Harry.

"I hardly know whether I did or not, Winnie. One in my position has so many things to think of. While I remember it, dear, your old friend, Mr. Alvanley, is coming to-morrow."

Lillian watched the effect of her announcement with secret exultation.

"Mr. Alvanley! to Fernleigh! I am very sorry."

But her face was growing scarlet under the keen glances of Lillian's eyes, no less than the regards of Harry that she felt were fixed on her.

"Oh, well, you needn't mind, Winnie. We all know the delightful little secret—Ah! there's Mr. Clavering now. Excuse us, Mr. Gordeloup."

She hurried Winnie away, and left Harry to return to the house, or wherever he saw fit with that false representation in his ears.

"Mr. Alvanley! a delightful little secret! What could it mean unless a love affair? Who was this fellow who was coming to Fernleigh? he would like to choke him, anyhow!"

Poor Harry! the sight of those two women—the one he had jilted, so fair and pure, and the one who had thrown him over, so haughty and sarcastic—had aroused strange feelings in his heart.

At the fountain, where the road suddenly made a sharp curve, they heard footsteps.

There, breaking abruptly upon them, was Harry Gordeloup.

in his heart—he had been so unmercifully cruel to Winnie, and she was so pretty and womanly. Well, Lillian Rothermel had paid him up for it; and he took a savage satisfaction in the thought.

They were intimate, at any rate, then, for she had called her Winnie; he supposed she would tell her everything—women always did.

He almost hoped she would, for then, perhaps, Winnie would pity him, and somehow Winnie's sympathy would have been very sweet just then.

Not that Harry was re-falling in love with Winnie St. Cyr; nothing was further from his thoughts; but he had been so unrooted in his confidence in Lillian Rothermel; he had been so wounded to the very depths of his nature; and there is no other time when a soul goes yearning for sympathy as when it is crushed and bruised.

Harry knew the kind of pity Winnie would have poured in his soul had he been wounded in any other cause, and was still true to her. He longed for some kind word, but he knew it could not come from her, whom he had so hurt.

He did not the vaguest dream of a renewal of old relations with her, even when he had said "perhaps" to Lillian, that afternoon.

The truth was, he loved this false, ambitious woman as well, in a different sort of way, as he had done a week before. People who love as he did can not smother it all at once, though their pride may quench the flames little by little, until reason can come to the rescue, and at one well-directed blow dash the smoldering fire-brands in every direction, never to be lighted more.

He turned around, at the door, to watch the two women: they were just turning the curve by the rose arbor; then he went in and threw himself down on the sofa in the reading-room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SHADOW ON THE PATH.

LILLIAN and Winnie had walked on in perfect silence after they had gone from Harry.

Then Winnie, with pained reproach in her eyes and voice, turned to Miss Rothermel.

"Why did you not prepare me for that?

Besides, had I known Lester Alvanley was coming, I would have gone to the mountains."

A sparkle came to Lillian's eyes.

"I thought you knew Harry was here; and had I dreamed my careless announcement was so distressing, surely I would not have made it. I understood you and he were engaged."

Winnie exclaimed, angrily:

"Miss Rothermel! you of all others should know I am not engaged to any one, much less him. I can not so soon forget."

"That I was so cruel, Winnie, you mean?"

"I had rather not discuss it, please. Mr. Clavering, I am so delighted!"

She broke away from Lillian to greet Mr. Clavering.

"You are in time to congratulate me, too, Winnie," he said, after an exchange of compliments, and glancing at Lillian as he spoke.

"Upon what, sir?"

"Has she not told you that she is going to make me the happiest of men? Surely, Lillian, you told her of our approaching marriage?"

Winnie uttered a little cry of astonishment.

Lillian laughed at her evident dismay.

"I was reserving that important item till the second day's acquaintance."

"But—but I thought—I always understood it was to be Harry—Mr. Gordeloup?"

Her words were freighted with painful surprise.

"No. Mr. Gordeloup changed his mind once upon a time, so I felt a perfect liberty in following his example."

Winnie winced under the calm, almost winsome tones.

"So you'll not even kiss me for the news, Winnie?"

Mr. Clavering held out his arms to embrace her, but she only stood still, paling and crimsoning by turns, glancing at Lillian's immobile face, that seemed to transform for a very Medusa head before her; at Mr. Clavering, so old, so noble, so unsuspecting; at the house, whither poor Harry had gone on alone.

It rushed over her in an overwhelming torrent: this woman whom she despised from this moment, had broken her Harry's heart for Mr. Clavering's money; and the dear, kind old man was blind to it all!

"Perhaps Miss St. Cyr does not approve?"

Lillian's cold, even tones broke the absorbing reverie, and Winnie turned to the old gentleman with all the impulsiveness of her nature.

"Mr. Clavering! Mr. Clavering, I do not approve! I am sure it is wrong for her to want to marry you when you are so old—forgive me, my dear, kind friend! but there is Harry's heart she has trodden on to reach your money—oh, Miss Amy! do you think it right?"

A cloud, dark as thunder, was on Mr. Clavering's forehead.

"Winifred! I forget yourself! I must beg an ample apology of this lady, who, in one week will be my wife!"

"A week!" repeated Winnie, unheeding the request; and then Lillian spoke:

"I beg you will overlook her language, Mr. Clavering, for my sake, please."

She laid her jeweled fingers on his arm.

"I will, because you ask it! Winifred, I am surprised! To say the least, your remarks tend to display a regard for Mr. Gordeloup incompatible with maidenly delicacy."

Winnie's eyes began to flash.

"Mr. Clavering, you know I have no interest in the gentleman, and if I had, I think it would be more to my interest to see her married to you."

Her voice was clear and high, and Lillian was exulting secretly at the turn affairs had taken.

"Let us forget this, Winnie, Mr. Clavering, shake hands and be friends."

She beamed her sweetest smile on them.

"No, I will not," said Winnie, spiritedly. "I will not forget it or forgive it, until Mr. Clavering takes back his insinuation regarding Mr. Gordeloup."

He smiled, amusedly.

"You are a silly child. You had better forget this gay Mr. Harry, and prepare to meet Mr. Alvanley to-morrow. You know what we all want—what I particularly request regarding Lester."

"I never shall marry him."

"But if I should enforce it, eh?"

He laughed as he spoke.

"You could not live long enough to do that."

"Or I'd be an octogenarian? Let's drop all this talk. Winnie, we're too old friends to quarrel so. Take my arm, Lillian; Winnie, will you walk with Amy? and promise and forget?"

"I can neither promise nor forget."

CHAPTER X.

DISCORDANT HARMONIES.

It seemed that Winnie St. Cyr's appearance at Fernleigh was destined to continue as it had commenced; for that evening, when the entire household met in the dining-room, Mr. Lester Alvanley had arrived. Winnie had not heard of it, as had the rest of the family, and she alone was surprised when she saw him.

He was not a handsome man, by any means; but there was an air of distinctness about him that was almost as good. He was rather grave than merry, and yet knew just what to say, and when to say it.

Generally he was a favorite with ladies; in fact, of all the women he knew, Winnie St. Cyr was the only one whom he had never been able to become very well acquainted with. True, she would laugh and talk, but that was all; by no possible stretch of imagination could Mr. Alvanley see how he would dare call her Winnie—and yet he regarded her as his first wife, and had come down to Fernleigh more because he hoped to advance his cause than from courtesy to Mr. Clavering.

Of Harry Gordeloup he knew considerable; naturally he was disposed to dislike him because he had succeeded in engaging Winnie to him, despite all the persuasions he used to prove she had no right to accept Gordeloup's attentions, on the ground of a previous engagement with him. But Winnie, with her usual independence, had scouted the idea; she would recognize no such engagement; she had never made it, and would not be held responsible for the promises of other parties. If Mr. Alvanley was disposed to keep the promise, it was simply unfortunate; she certainly never thought of it.

She bent a sorrowfully-questioning glance on Winnie, who shook her head.

"Never mind that, Miss Rothermel; perhaps I was hasty and rude. We will forget it, and I'll pray Heaven to comfort you."

They went down the elegant velvet-pated stairs, silently, and walked into the chamber of mystery.

Winnie glanced up; Harry Gordeloup stood beside the bed, with Miss Amy leaning on his arm, sobbing and moaning.

Mr. Alvanley, with quiet dignity, sat beside the window.

Harry glanced up as the two women came in; Winnie met that quick, half-exposed look—and a faint cry escaped her, as she saw a terrible spell had the face of the young girl cast upon him?

"Yes," he murmured, speaking only with a great effort.

"You are the gentleman who so kindly resigned the room to me last night, I believe?"

Bernice was now so near Talbot that she could have touched him with her hand.

By a powerful effort, Dick recovered his composure.

"Nothing but a common act of courtesy, Miss," he replied, quietly; "any one would have done the same."

"But as you performed the act, of course you deserve the thanks," she said, a pleasant smile upon her fair face; and, as Talbot gazed upon it, he could not help thinking how lovely she was.

"I am always pleased to be of any service to a lady," he answered.

"Mr. Talbot," she said, suddenly, after a little pause, during which her eyes had rested searching upon the face of Injun Dick, "as no one has ever introduced me to you, I suppose I must do so myself. My name is Bernice Gwyne, and I come from New York."

Talbot bowed, but replied not; his face, though, was a shade paler under the searching eyes of the girl.

"Do you know why I have come to this dull mining region?" she asked, her full blue eyes still resting upon his face.

"Why, should I know, Miss?" he asked, an expression of astonishment on his features.

"Then I'll tell you; I am a woman who seeks. Can you guess what I seek?"

Talbot shook his head in the negative.

For a moment Bernice looked disappointed, but 'twas soon over.

"I seek my cousin, Patrick Gwyne, who left New York ten years ago."

Talbot looked steadily in the face of the girl, but did not speak. Bernice's brows contracted just a little.

"I have been wishing to see you all the morning, Mr. Talbot," she continued, after a moment's pause; "can you guess why I wished to see you?"

"To speak about the room I suppose, Miss," Talbot said, slowly, his eyelids coming down just a little over his dark eyes.

"No; guess again!" she exclaimed.

"I can not guess," he replied.

"Shall I tell you?"

"If it will please you," was his non-committal reply.

"Then you do not care to know?" she asked, a strange expression upon her features.

"Why should I care?" he said, apparently puzzled at the question.

"I'll tell you and then you will plainly see why you should care," she exclaimed, just a little bit of impatience in her manner.

"I wished to see you, because I thought that you might be able to tell me something of my cousin, Patrick Gwyne."

Talbot looked at the fair girl for a moment, an expression of blank amazement upon his face; then he spoke.

"You expected that I would tell you

maneuvering to bring about a match between Winnie and Alvanley.

Then he remembered what he had heard Winnie say so often about Lester Alvanley, and he curled his lips in contempt at the palpable scheme.

They were not a very social party that evening. Winnie went to her room early; Harry took Mr. Alvanley, and he curtailed his lips in contempt at the palpable scheme.

The consulting physicians found no possible cause for death in the vital organs; Mr. Clavering was a temperate, healthy man, and would have lived years yet; so, when the horrible little red spot was examined, a universal cry of horror went up.

It had been his death; a poisoned barb had been shot into his flesh; some little diabolical engine of death had done its work.

What it had been, they could only speculate; enough that he was murdered—by whom?

That was the question to be settled.

Certainly a personal revenge; for not a jewel, not a dollar of money had been touched.

But the mystery was dense as Egyptian darkness; and the verdict was rendered in accordance therewith; which only Winnie St. Cyr, in her long, deep faint, might have cleared up!

(To be continued—continued in No. 71.)

contraction of a finger, or a corrugation of the forehead; only on the breast, where the linen shirt had been unfastened, was a tiny red spot; not so large as a mustard seed; yet fearfully indicative of a mysterious foul play.

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(To be continued—continued in No. 71.)

Overland Kit:

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

BERNICE AND INJUN DICK.

BERNICE'S face flushed crimson as she caught sight of the lithe, sinewy figure of Injun Dick. She stopped suddenly, as though stricken into stone, and a long breath came from between the full, red lips.

Dick was advancing slowly; his hands clasped behind him, his eyes bent upon the ground, and his whole aspect plainly betraying that he was deep in thought.

He did not see the motionless figure that stood by the side of the rude road.

Slowly he came onward.

Bernice remained on the spot where she had stood when she had first discovered Dick approaching.

As he drew nearer and nearer, the color came and went in her wax-like cheeks.

Supremely beautiful she looked, as she stood in the center of the little ravine through which ran the road, robed in her neat traveling suit, her golden-brown locks straying carelessly from under the jaunty straw hat.

Talbot came on with measured pace, his brown eyes with thought furrowed with the lines of care.

Bernice made a slight motion toward him.

His quick ear caught the rustle of her dress. In astonishment he raised his eyes. When they fell upon Bernice's face, he halted and then recoiled, as though a phantom stood before him, rather than a young and beautiful woman. His face became ashy pale, huge drops of perspiration came out and trickled down his forehead. Injun Dick, the dare-devil, who had never turned his back on mortal foe, now trembled at the mere sight of the fair young girl.

Talbot came on with measured pace, his brown eyes with thought furrowed with the lines of care.

Bernice guessed his intention and promptly stepped forward.

"Isn't this Mr. Talbot?" she asked, fixing her large, clear eyes upon his face.

Dick's breath came thick and fast. What terrible spell had the face of the young girl cast upon him?

"Yes," he murmured, speaking only with a great effort.

"You are the gentleman who so kindly resigned the room to me last night, I believe?"

Bernice was now so near Talbot that she could have touched him with her hand.

By a powerful effort, Dick recovered his composure.

"Nothing but a common act of courtesy, Miss," he replied, quietly; "any one would have done the same."

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When they met that quick, half-exposed look—and a faint cry escaped her, as she saw a terrible spell had the face of the young girl cast upon him?

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"You can? Where is he?"
"Why, right hyer." 190559
"Here?" questioned the Judge, in amazement.

"Yes, lyer in Spur City; he's got his disguise off now, though, but I kin swear to his voice!" cried Joe, full of confidence.

CHAPTER XV.

GAIUS STRIKES A "LEAD."

The sun had sunk behind the snow-white peaks far off in the west, and the gloom of the twilight was gathering thick over river, valley and mountain range.

Spur City was alive with red-shirted, big-booted miners. Dim lights were shining from the few windows that the mining-camp possessed, and whisky-drinking and card-playing were going on briskly.

Young Rennet coming up the street encountered at the door of the Eldorado a man who has not appeared before in our story, although spoken of.

The man was Gaius Tendail. In appearance he was about the medium height, not very stately built, the contour of his face regular; blue eyes—rather handsome eyes, but shifting and uncertain; light yellow hair that curled in crispy ringlets all over his head.

At the first glance that Rennet gave at his friend, he saw that something was the matter with him. There was a look of exultation upon his face that was not usually there, for Tendail was one of the habitually unlucky fellows who never succeed in any undertaking, and his face was generally gloomy and overcast.

"Hallo, Jim, my boy!" ejaculated Tendail, slapping Rennet on the shoulder. "I've been looking all over the town for you. I've been in every drinking-place from here to Paddy's Flat, hunting you and have 'pison ed' myself in every one."

"Why, you must be flush, then," Rennet said, a little puzzled, for he knew that that morning Tendail hadn't a dollar.

"Flush! well, you bet!" cried his friend, in triumph. "Shall I lend you ten?" and drew a handful of silver from his pocket as he spoke.

"Where the deuce do you get your money?" asked Rennet, in astonishment.

"Oh, I've struck a 'lead'!" replied Gains, with an affectation of careless unconcern.

"Not up in the gully?"

"No, down here in the city."

"The deuce you have!"

"Fact!" exclaimed Tendail, triumphantly. "Been playing poker?"

"Did you ever know me to win any thing at cards?"

"Never!" replied Rennet, emphatically. "Well, I didn't get this that way. I've struck 'pay-dirt,' partner; and I'll just bet that the strike will be worth four oughts before I get through with it."

"What the deuce have you tumbled into?" questioned Rennet, in amazement.

"A pocketful of gold-dust, old pard!" cried Tendail, gayly; "no more slaving for me; the mines up the gully may go to Old Nick, for all I care; I'll make you a present of my interest in Wildcat, No. 1."

"See here, Gay, you've got too much whisky on board!"

"Fuller'n a tick, you bet! How's that for high?" and Tendail hit Rennet another vigorous slap on the shoulder.

"Are you crazy?"

"With joy, yes," replied Tendail. "The fact is, Jim, I've discovered a little secret, and to have me keep my mouth shut, somebody pays me well. Do you see? I'm all right for the best room in the Eldorado, hereafter."

"Oh! it's something that concerns Miss Jimmie, eh?"

"Did I say it was?" demanded Tendail, with an air of wisdom. "I say, Jim, I've been celebrating pretty free, but I know what I'm about, and you can't pump me."

"Who's trying to?" asked Rennet, with a laugh. "I suppose though that you've discovered who backs Miss Jimmie in running the Eldorado, eh?"

"Well, maybe I have and maybe I haven't," replied Tendail, with a wink; "but come in and we'll have a bottle of wine, that is, if they've got such a thing here; and I don't believe they have."

As the two entered the Eldorado, they encountered the old lawyer. Rennet introduced his friend to his father. The old gentleman begged to be excused, when Tendail pressed him to join himself and "Jim," and proceeded up-stairs, leaving the two young men in the saloon.

The old lawyer went at once to Bernice's room. He found the young girl seated by the window, peering out into the darkness, for, by this time, the shadows of the twilight had deepened into the somber gloom of the night.

A single candle, burning on the little table, alone lit up the room.

"Well, my dear," said the old lawyer, after entering the little apartment, "I hope that you are pretty well satisfied by this time with this detestable place. I think that we had better make up our minds to return to New York as soon as possible."

"You forget that I have not discovered what I came to seek," Bernice replied.

"Oh, hain't James told you?"

"Told me what?"

"Why, about the miner who witnessed the death of your cousin, Patrick."

"His death?"

"Yes."

"Patrick Gwyne is not dead!" replied Bernice, decidedly.

"Oh, yes, my dear, he is!" exclaimed the lawyer. "James met a miner to-day who told him all the particulars of the affair. Why, he even saw him buried. A man, you know, don't come up out of the ground."

"Patrick Gwyne has!" Bernice exclaimed.

"Eh?" Rennet was astonished.

"He can not be in his grave."

"Why not?"

"Because I have seen him to-day!" replied Bernice, firmly.

"My dear girl, are you in possession of your senses?" Rennet exclaimed.

"I think that I am perfectly sane," Bernice said, smiling. "I repeat; I have not only seen, but spoken with Patrick Gwyne to-day."

"You have?"

"Yes, and before many days you shall see him also. He is now disguising himself under a false name."

"Bless me, you really astonish me," said Rennet, rather bewildered. His little plan for deceiving Bernice in regard to the fate of Patrick Gwyne had entirely failed. "I must go and tell James the news," and he hurried from the room.

Bernice again gazed out of the window.

Strange thoughts were in her mind; again she stood in the lonely canyon, and

held the interview with the man called Injun Dick.

"Can it be that I am fated to be his bad angel?" she murmured, gazing out into the darkness of the night as though she expected to see there the answer to her question.

The sudden opening of the door of her room drew her attention from the window. She turned her head and figure met her eyes that filled her soul with a strange terror.

Within the room, the door closed behind him a black mask over his face, stood the road-agent, Overland Kit!

(To be continued—Continued in No. 63.)

Saved.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

MAGGIE FREE paused, with outstretched hand hovering over the tempting bunch of luscious blackberries, and the song that she was lightly humming died away upon her lips, while a pale shade settled upon her comely face. From her vine-embowered nook, among the rocky crags, she had heard the sound of a clear mellow whistle, and glancing down from her leafy cover, had espied a man, slowly advancing.

He was tall and handsome, dressed with a careless neatness in a half-hunter, half-civilian garb, and did not appear one to excite the emotions of fear and aversion in a young and lovely maiden's heart. He idly paced to and fro upon the little patch of level sward, now and then drawing a time-piece from his pocket, to note the hour, as if in momentary expectation of meeting somebody.

Maggie knew right well that she could not escape from the spot without notice and although she apprehended no bodily harm yet she did not care to be seen by Frank Trayne, out there, alone and comparatively helpless, for she had not yet forgotten the bitter threats of the young man when she rejected his suit. So she crouched and waited with impatience for his withdrawal.

In a few minutes she beheld another man approaching, and then, when the two greeted each other, a cold thrill ran over her frame. Tom Naughton! The most cruel and ruthless desperado that the war had produced. The man most dreaded and hated by the lawful citizens, the man to whom rapine and bloodshed appeared a second nature; upon whose head a price had been set by both the British and American authorities, but who appeared to bear a charmed life and to escape all snares as by instinct. No wonder she shuddered.

"Well, Tom!" said Trayne, "you're here at last; and now to business. Do you want to earn a hundred pounds?"

"Do I like whisky, or do you like pretty girls?" grimed the repulsive-looking outlaw.

"Well, then, you wouldn't mind putting a man to sleep for that, would you?"

"Nor ten, if necessary."

"One will do. Do you know Eben Stout?"

"Don't I?" with a bitter scowl. "He chased me one whole day with his gang of raganmiffs, and I owe him one for it. But are you in earnest?"

"I never jest; and the very moment you bring me proof that he's done for, I will pay you."

"Well, I don't know but I can trust you, but still I would feel better satisfied if you would give me a part down as earnest money. Say ten pounds, or so."

"Very well; and now listen. I know that he will be near here this very night, because he is head over ears in love with Maggie Free, at the village. He must come by the river-road—for his men are near Clayton—and you can easily ambush him there. And then a fall from the cliff among the rocks will make it all safe. After that I defy anybody, however acute, to find that his death was helped by lead or steel. But you know the road, don't you?"

"Every inch of it, and if he comes that way, just consider the job done. But, mind ye, my friend, how you act, for if you don't plank down at once I will hunt you up; and you know how I settle my debts," growled the burly outlaw, significantly.

"Never mind your threats, Tom, for you know me well enough to be sure that it is not from cowardice that I hire another to do this job. Your money will be ready for you as soon as the job is done," and then, with a few more words, the two plotters turned and left the spot, in opposite directions.

For some little time Maggie Free crouched down among the rocks, almost stupefied at the dark plot that had so providentially been revealed to her. She knew that her lover—for such was Eben Stout in reality—was in great danger, and how should she warn him in time?

She knew that if this was done it must be by herself, for not one able-bodied man, or even a boy, remained at the little village, for news had come that a predatory band of outlaws and Tories were ravaging the upper country, and she had done so much to save him from their plotting.

The two bodies were found, but their deaths were never inquired into, and for years were a mystery.

the precipice to meet a horrible doom upon the rocks below. And the dark clouds rendered the way still more obscure, and she feared lest she had again taken the wrong turn.

Then—blessed sight!—Maggie caught a far-off glimpse of the river, whose tranquil surface showed for a moment in the light cast down through a tiny rift in the clouds, that seemed to her sinking heart like a favorable sign from Heaven, for the next instant all was again dark, as before. But was she too late? Had the dreadful deed been accomplished even now?

And then it was such a long stretch for the murderer to choose from! At which precise point of the river had he stationed himself? Whether above or below her present position, she could not tell, and time was swiftly passing by. With an inward prayer for guidance, Maggie began the descent toward the road—or rather bridle-path, intending to feel along it until she should meet her lover, and thus save him from the impending danger. But, suddenly, her foot slipped and she fell downward, when a sharp pain shot through her ankle. The groan of pain that rose to her lips was checked by a glimpse of a shadowy form rising among the rocks at a little distance to her right, and then the hoarse tones of Tom Naughton met her ear:

"Who is that? Speak or I'll put a bullet through you!" and then, after a moment's pause, he added: "Bah! I'm a fool, I reckon. Scart at a rock tumbling down!" and then he crouched down once more, awaiting the approach of his intended victim.

Maggie was trembling with fear and the acute pain in her foot, but clasped her pistol with a firm resolve to use it if necessary, and then strove to arise. But she fell back again, and with the utmost difficulty suppressed a groan of agony. There was nothing for it but to remain silent, and to call aloud to her lover, should he come. Fortunately she could command a view of the outlaw from where she lay.

Slowly the minutes rolled along, each one seeming an age to Maggie, and then she heard the far-off clink of steel-shod hoofs!

And Tom Naughton was preparing for his dark work; and the young ranger was approaching. Then the sounds drew nearer, and Maggie raised her voice and shrieked loudly:

"Back, Eben—back! They will murder you!"

But the sound of her voice had a two-fold effect. She heard the answering cry from her lover, and knew that he had recognized her voice—that he was spurring madly forward. And the outlaw, enraged by madness, sprang toward her with a bitter curse. Maggie distinguished the faint glint of steel and saw his strong right arm uplifted to deal the quieting blow, and with the instinct of self-preservation, she raised her right hand and touched the trigger.

With a wild yell of agony, the brutal outlaw staggered back with one hand clasping his shattered jaw, and in his blind agony disappeared over the edge of the cliff. One short cry and then a heavy thud, and all was over.

By the momentary flash Eben Stout had recognized the form of his love, and leaping from his horse, rushed forward and clasped her to his heart. In broken tones Maggie related the events of that fearful night, and then, as her ankle appeared to be broken, she sent her a letter in the mean time. It lay up in her bedroom, its bold, manly superscription upturned to the light, but, alas! its seal unbroken. She would notice nothing from a man who had so grossly trifled with her affections. And yet poor Becky would cry harder than ever, as if pleading to be noticed.

She was all in a tremor of excitement, when the day on which John was expected home, rolled round. She said to herself over and over again, that she didn't believe he would have the face to call on her; but she would be prepared, by inviting Amos Lane, whom she had come across somewhere, to call on her, that evening.

Now, Amos was an old flame of Becky's, and had always looked upon John as a trespasser on his rights; and so, when Becky invited him so cordially to come and see her, he took fresh heart, and got himself up in grand style for the occasion, thinking that perhaps there was some chance for him yet.

When the evening arrived, he presented himself before her, and bowed and smiled, and uttered all kinds of nonsense for her edification. And when John came, for he did, and looking like every thing but a guilty lover, he found some one there before him; but, hiding his disappointment and vexation as best he could, he waited for Lane to go.

He wondered who Bertie Carleton was, and had heard so much of him, as I inwardly resolved that the gentleman would not be troubled by my nose.

He came at last. I was presented to him. What was my amazement to recognize in him one of the two young men in the depot. A smile dimpled around his lips. I knew he was echoing that little wretch's:

"That's a nose yer may call a nose!" and I turned away.

Day after day he attempted to become friends with me, but I repelled all advances. To make matters worse, I casually overheard a gentleman "running" him on his persistence, ending with:

"I shall yet see Josie Westervelt Mrs. Carleton?"

"What," returned Carleton, lightly, "with that nose and all? Nonsense! I ain't brave enough; I am a constitutional coward."

After that I avoided him more carefully.

The days rolled past, and the rest of the party seemed almost too joyous. The old house rung with their laughter and the flying of their feet.

One day a number of us were down on the beach bathing. Suddenly some one cried out, in affright:

"What has become of Bertie?"

We all looked around. He was missing. An instant later he arose on the face of the water. Every one seemed paralyzed. Bertie must drown, for the tide was rapidly drifting him out to the ocean. A strange feeling awoke in my heart. I knew, if Bertie was lost, my life would be cheerless; I struck out toward him.

"Don't go, Josie, don't go," I heard. Nellie screamed, but I did not heed her.

It was a fearful struggle that I had with the waves; and, as I reached the spot, he sank again. An instant later he arose, for the last time. I grasped him, and I struggled toward the shore. Would I ever reach it? One, two, three strokes. I was nearing the bank when I knew no more!

Late one day I awoke to consciousness.

For a moment I was bewildered. Then the past flashed back upon my memory.

"Did I save him?" I asked.

"Yes," was the response, "but almost with the loss of your own life." I closed my eyes. He was safe; I cared for nothing else. When I awoke again, Bertie was beside me. Hot tears fell on my face from his eyes as he lifted me my thin, transparent hand and looked at it.

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Dr. Turner's Great Story!

Next week we present the opening chapters of**BESSIE RAYNOR,****THE FACTORY GIRL.**

A TALE OF THE LAWRENCE LOOMS.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,

AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER,"

"FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD," "THE MISSING

"FINGER," ETC., ETC.

A tale of the Looms, revealing much of the life in the New England Mills, in the course of a narrative which involves the persons of operative and proprietor in the meshes of a most eventful drama.Around the beautiful child-woman, Bessie Raynor, and her crippled brother, the author has woven, with skillful hand, the spell of an interest exciting and moving in its power and pathos.The banker's daughter—the proud, gloriously fair but imperious Minerva Ames—is the counterpoise to the innocent Bessie, the cotton-spinner, whose paths will cross and whose fates will mingle in the atmosphere created by the presence of the operative Lorin Grey, the hero prole of this life romance.Lorin Grey is a mystery, even to himself. "Nothing but a Mill Hand," yet a born gentleman, over whom watches the old hag, Mother Mag, who alone holds the key to his history, and who, at the proper moment, when her long-matured schemes are ripe, divulges all, to amaze the innocent and confound the guilty.The guilty are equally proprietor and operative. Black Phil is a very devil, with all a devil's subtlety, working out an evil scheme; yet not more tainted than his employer, the banker himself.With such material the author has had ample store of character and act to draw upon in the production of his story—enough, indeed, for a work of far greater proportions, but which he has compressed with great skill into little more than the usual space awarded to our star serials, in which category it well deserves to be classed, as our readers will only be too happy to attest.

Foolscap Papers.

A Leading Article.

I HAVE been asked to write something not humorous, something of an essayical turn, profoundly deep, deeply profound, sound, solid, terse, crisp, and to the point.Now, if there is any thing upon which I pride myself in doing, it is in writing just such an article. It has been a good while since I used to furnish all the leading articles for the *Daily Tribulation*, but I can easily turn my hand to such writing, and my head is a great deal easier turned.As I am sober to-day, I sit down to take up and treat in the manner of Carlyle the subject of**EXTRAVAGANCE.**That we, as a nation, are extravagant is well known all over the world, and that we, as individuals, are more so we know better ourselves than anybody else.Extravagance is the very opposite of economy, although many persons know very little that they get to thinking their extravagance is economy, and die or go to the poor-house in that blind ignorance.The man who earns three dollars a day and foolishly spends five dollars out of it, each day, is a living example of our subject, and should have his wages cut down.When we see a man, unflinchingly and knowingly, and with premeditation, walking down street with three pairs of boots on, and a pair of gum-shoes to ease his corns, have we not an unalienable right to consider that man extravagant—especially as he could have gone barefooted? That man should not be invited into the best pew in the church, nor be allowed to borrow the money of an industrious community.What else but extravagant can you call that man who promenades with three canes in each hand, and hats three deep on his head—the first being a plug, next a straw, then a felt, the whole topped off with a cap?How extravagant it is to smoke four cigars at once, and to drink five cups of coffee at the same time, and this reminds me of another subject in which I have a policy for \$2,500, namely:**LIFE.**To thoughtful minds the study of life is the contemplation of the phases of existence, and yet, with what different eyes do we look upon it? No two see it alike, and, indeed, it is only when we are dead and gone that we look upon it rightly. It is a sweet and fearful thing to live. To the young, life is all to-morrows; to the melancholy, life is all yesterday; and how few are the lives that are made up of to-morrows! and when we imagine life to be a page of a paper, wherein each deed we do is to be written, how little do we think that every idle moment tears a corner off, every lie makes a black mark on it, every idle word punches a hole in it, and every bad action makes a blot, until, at last, it is crumpled up by the hand of death and thrown into the editorial waste basket of oblivion. (I am getting along finely if I don't slip) and our lives are made up of things so much alike that this might be an epitaph for all:"He woke and slept and laughed and wept and loved and sued and married and

rued and bought and bid and didn't and did and suffered and sought and challenged and fought and ran and toiled and hoped and spoiled and borrowed and failed and sung and railed and indored and paid and strove and essayed and sickened and sighed and doctor and died."

And—but I can not run beyond death, so I am debard from running this article any further, for I have already run it out of time and breath; so let me try something else; and as the fault seems to be in the ink, I will write with a dry pen upon a dry subject, feeling very dry myself.The fly, as seen through a pair of specks—but that isn't the subject I want either.The benefits of raising short-horned cattle, soft-headed rams, or mules, without hind-feet—but that theme is too entirely agricultural.The advantages of sleeping with your boots on—but that is too philosophical.The divine use of bed-bugs—but bed-bugs must not get between these sheets.My ideas of true honesty—but such an article would be too short entirely.The failures of humanity—but such a chronicle would include this whole article and every thing else appertaining to yours, truly, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

ARE WE GOING TO RUIN?

THAT is a very important question, and concerns every man, woman or child in this great Republic.If we believe what we read in the columns of some of our journals, we are going to the—"very old gentleman, down below"—not a dog-trot, but per express, lightning-some!The man who was down in Wall street during the last crash in stocks, when fortunes were made and lost in a minute—more lost than made, though—would have come to the conclusion that (to use the apt Westerism) the bottom had tumbled out. But, though Rock Island fell from 126 to 110; though firms of brokers—solid men!—burst like bubbles, yet still, we question if the great mass of humans that people New York, let alone the rest of our spread-eagle republic, went to bed feeling any poorer that night, or got up in the morning with the prospect of starvation staring them in the face.To tell the honest truth, the crash in Wall street among the stock gamblers affected the rest of the country about as much as when the blue-coated cohorts of Superintendent of Police Kelso "gather in" the "diamond-pinned" satellites of King Faro.The operations in Wall street are very peculiar. A sells B the stocks he never possessed nor ever expects to possess, and B buys of A the stocks he doesn't want, and never expects to get.The pole "horse" gentleman, common at the fairs and races, who invites you to bet as to which thimble the pea is under, is honestly personified as compared to the magnates of the Stock Exchange. The thimble-rigger, apparently, gives you a chance for your money; or, at any rate, he cheats you with your eyes open. Can we say as much for the broker who saddles you to buy 500 Rock Island at 126, "seller 30," at the same time knowing that the price will be broken down to 110 before thirty hours are over, instead of days?We "interview" the carpenter at work on the house next door to us; we him of the smash-up in Wall street; he takes the nail out of his mouth and "calculates" he'll get his four dollars a day as usual. He ain't a bit frightened. He doesn't seem to understand that when Wall street nods the whole country shakes—that when a set of reckless and unprincipled speculators succeed in cheating another set of speculators equally as bad as themselves, "cleaning 'em out" to use the vigorous Pacific phrase—that it involves utter financial ruin to the whole country.There are millions of people in these United States who are just as blind. They are faithfully performing their daily toil, making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before; redeeming the desert from the rule of the wild beast or the savage; delving precious ore from mother earth; taking the pound of iron worth five cents, and with the cunning hand of the artisan, transforming it into a tool worth a dollar. They have an idea that their labor gives them the wherewithal by which they live—for, to live is, after all, the main business of life; these people don't even dream that Wall street gives or takes the bread from their mouths.We are paying off an enormous debt; the interest amounts to something, as well as the portions of the principal that we are discharging. Naturally we can not expect to live as cheaply as before the war. You and I and our neighbor must each pay a little of this great debt. But, are we really going to the dogs? Is the country at large less rich than before the great rebellion? Is the whirr of the spindles heard no more in the New England valleys? Do the miners gather black diamonds no longer from the Pennsylvania rocks? Are the spindles of the Western woolen mills silent? Do the stalwart men swing their axes no more amid the pines of Michigan and Wisconsin? Have cotton, rice and sugar-cane refused to grow in the black loam of the sunny South? Does the pure air of the Sierra Nevada hear no longer the shout of the red-shirted gold-seeker?*Not a bit of it!*We are pushing on with giant strides to wealth. Our great Republic is still in the van. Despite our heavy debt, our people, as a people, are getting richer and richer every day.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

As a class, I think we are more fond of the ideal than the real, and, as a consequence, we often have our views disengaged. We form an estimate in our own minds of such a person, and we imagine him to possess every good trait, or every evil inclination, under the sun.How crazy we are to get behind the scenes of the theater, and view those gorgeous grottos and elegant palace gardens, where lovers are wont to roam by moonlight! We think it must be enchanted land. How splendid is the romance, but how different the reality! Canvas and paint, tinsel and gas, reward us for our searching after things forbidden. Truly, in this case, "distance lends enchantment to the view," and distance should be kept.We have an idea that the pensive Romeo always has his hair in curls, a melancholy expression on his countenance, and dines on the daintiest morsels. Would we not haveour ideal brought low by being told that his curls are a wig, that one or two crow's feet are in his face, nicely concealed by paint, and that he'll eat as voraciously a dinner of beef, and cabbage, and onions, as his next neighbor?How we look on royalty, and almost envy Queen Victoria on her throne, knowing, as she does, that millions are willing to obey her commands! In the glare of the reception-room she may seem happy, but I'll wager she would rather enjoy the repose of one of her subjects, and that she loves more to think of one who was a devoted husband to her than to mix in all the magnificence her rank demands.In our wandering through the groves which surround our air-castles, we are very apt to conjecture as to the true life of an author. If he writes of love, we immediately set him down as being the handsomest man in existence, whose lonely lot requires some fair maid to cheer his drooping spirits. We pity him, and believe that the fates have selected us to be the fair one who is to be his for life. We imagine that we shall have naught to do but to gaze on his form, and that it will be a pleasure to conform to his every wish. Reality takes the place of romance, and we learn that our ideal author is a man of some fifty years, with a wife and numerous olive-branches.In the country, where people don't go dressed up all the time, you will meet some individual poorly clad, and while you are pitying his poverty, you will be surprised to learn that he is the wealthiest and most influential man in the place. This is one of the best exemplifications of the old proverb, that "Appearances are deceitful."In reading the papers, one would imagine that there are individuals who do nothing but give away princely fortunes for a few dollars, and when they send for a gold (?) watch, offered at a couple of greenbacks, or for thousands of dollars in counterfeit money, they are surprised to find brass and sawdust so dear. Romance cries out, "A fortune is in store for you!" But, if reality murmurs in your ear, "You're a fool to believe in romance of this kind."Your Rufus couldn't come to take you to the Opera, as he says he was obliged to sit up with a sick friend; and don't you imagine him smoothing the pillows and bathing the head of the invalid, making the tedious hours fly swifter, and doing all he could to relieve his friend? What a change would come over your features if you heard that the invalid he had to take care of was him self, and all on account of the champagne-bottle!Perhaps, as romance is better to our feelings than reality, we are more fitted for an ideal life, although we have yet to be made acquainted with the human being who wouldn't rather be presented with a greenback when awake than to dream such a presentation had taken place; so I guess we can make more money at reality than at romance.That's the thought of

EVE LAWLESS.

A GOOD WIFE.

"WHEN a daughter remarks, 'Mother, I would not hire help, for I can assist you to do all the work in the kitchen,' set it down that she will make a good wife."—*Newspaper*.Now, what can be more absurd? Only a man could have originated it, and, whenever he is, it will not be difficult for him to find a suitable partner to share his sorrows, and sew on his shirt buttons, for life. A woman who can cook irreproachable flapjacks and keep a house tidy will be competent.I should like to know if that is all a man wants? If the author of that paragraph had said, "I think she will make a good wife for me," I should have thought that he knew what he was talking of, and have said nothing, but he speaks unqualifiedly for the whole of his sex, and, I think, speaks the merest nonsense! If all a man wants of a wife is that she be a good housekeeper—somebody to cook his meals, and tidy his house, who does not get tired of the monotonous round of cooking, eating, and washing dishes, with nothing else in her life to make it endurable—then, perhaps, a young lady who would make the remark quoted above would make a good wife. But, if she is to be anything else than a machine of mere manual labor, then the chances are ten to one that she will not make a good wife.I know half a dozen girls who delight in doing housework, and who are never so happy as when "assisting mother in the kitchen," and to each one of the half-dozen the world of books is an undiscovered realm, and politics a dead language. Don't tell me that politics ought to be a dead language to every woman. If you do I shall tell you that you are an old fogey, and that above would make a good wife.I should like to know if that is all a man wants? If the author of that paragraph had said, "I think she will make a good wife for me," I should have thought that he knew what he was talking of, and have said nothing, but he speaks unqualifiedly for the whole of his sex, and, I think, speaks the merest nonsense!It is to be a good wife that she is to be a good wife. She is to be a good wife, and to be a good wife she must be a good housekeeper, and to be a good housekeeper she must be a good wife.Now, what can be more absurd? Only a man could have originated it, and, whenever he is, it will not be difficult for him to find a suitable partner to share his sorrows, and sew on his shirt buttons, for life.It is to be a good wife that she is to be a good wife. She is to be a good wife, and to be a good wife she must be a good housekeeper, and to be a good housekeeper she must be a good wife.It is to be a good wife that she is to be a good wife. She is to be a good wife, and to be a good wife she must be a good housekeeper, and to be a good housekeeper she must be a good wife.It is to be a good wife that she is to be a good wife. She is to be a good wife, and to be a good wife she must be a good housekeeper, and to be a good housekeeper she must be a good wife.It is to be a good wife that she is to be a good wife. She is to be a good wife, and to be a good wife she must be a good housekeeper, and to be a good housekeeper she must be a good wife.It is to be a good wife that she is to be a good wife. She is to be a good wife, and to be a good wife she must be a good housekeeper, and to be a good housekeeper she must be a good wife.It is to be a good wife that she is to be a good wife. She is to be a good wife, and to be a good wife she must be a good housekeeper, and to be a good housekeeper she must be a good wife.It is to be a good wife that she is to be a good wife. She is to be a good wife, and to be a good wife she must be a good housekeeper, and to be a good housekeeper she must be a good wife.It is to be a good wife that she is to be a good wife. She is to be a good wife, and to be a good wife she must be a good housekeeper, and to be a good housekeeper she must be a good wife.It is to be a good wife that she is to be a good wife. She is to be a good wife, and to be a good wife she must be a good housekeeper, and to be a good housekeeper she must be a good wife.It is to be a good wife that she is to be a good wife. She is to be a good wife, and to be a good wife she must be a good housekeeper, and to be a good housekeeper she must be a good wife.It is to be a good wife that she is to be a good wife. She is to be a good wife, and to be a good wife she must be a good housekeeper, and to be a good housekeeper she must be a good wife.It is to be a good wife that she is to be a good wife. She is to be a good wife, and to be a good wife she must be a good housekeeper, and to be a good housekeeper she must be a good wife.

OBLIGING PEOPLE.

To make life clear sailing, and to lessen the many steps we must take, we should be obliging to one another, and not act in a hoggish manner, when an easily granted favor is requested.There are many persons in this

SATURDAY JOURNAL

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MY WIFE AND I.

BY BENEDICT.

A sky of azure, a bit of heaven,
An hour of bliss to mortals given,
A church, a dainty dress by my side,
A solemn service, a kiss—a bride,
Three trusting friends,
A home good—
And so we are married—
My wife and I.

Long hours of rapture, long days of joy,
Time passing unclouded—without alloy,
A tour, where every thing looks its best,
A river in Autumn glory dressed;

No thoughts of trouble,

No care, no sigh,

For we are so happy—

My wife and I.

A slow awaking, as from a dream,
A drifting once more into life-work's stream,
A little respite from toil, and then
The world with its hopes and fears again;

But a home and a love

That we have for ay—

For now we are settled—

My wife and I.

And as hours vanish in time's quick flight,
Our life's fair morning grows to night,
As carking cares with our pleasures stay,
And our heads are streaked with the silvery gray,

Yet shall love increase

As the days go by;

And we live for each other—

My wife and I.

Strange Stories.

HOB OF TEVIOTSIDE.

A SCOTTISH TALE

BY AGILE PENNE.

"The heather flowers are dark in the hollows of the hills,
Though far along each rocky peak, the sunlight lingers still."

Down the wooded side of the Lammermuir Hills, a man, young in years and muscular in build, made his way. His dress of Lincoln green, and the horn by his side told that he was following the pleasures of the chase.

The sun slowly sinking in the west warned that the shades of night were near.

The huntsman paused at the base of the hill in the center of a rude road that wound its way by the sea.

"By the Mass!" he cried, "I'll wager a dozen broad crowns that I have lost my way. Here is the sea; and, yonder to the north, my road must be. It does not speak well for the denizens of these woods and rocks that my horse should be spirited away, because I left him for a moment tied to a greenwood tree. For aught I know, I may have stumbled into a moss-trooper's nest. There would be long faces at Stirling Castle if I should be carried a prisoner into the English pale. My road should lie this way. I'll go onward; perhaps I may chance upon those whom I have parted with in the forest."

With a light, swinging step, the young man went on. Hardly had he gone ten paces, ere from the wood that hemmed in the road, came the stern command:

"Halt!"

Then forth from the cover of the trees came a dozen rough fellows, whose warlike garb and manner told that they were bred to the trade of arms.

The stranger cast a rapid glance behind him, as if about to flee, and closed his hand upon the hilt of the long and heavy broadsword that hung by his side. The glance, however, told him that flight was hopeless, for six more fellows, armed and habited like the others, filed into the path behind him.

"Give you good-day, friend" quoth the leader of the men who had lain in ambush, advancing to the stranger. He was tall and stoutly built, with a clear blue eye and a yellow beard. "What seek you in this section? If I mistake not you are a stranger. Let not your hand upon your sword. We seek not to do you harm. Who are you?"

"First, answer me one question," said the stranger, in reply. "Are you in the service of James of Scotland?"

"Yes," replied the other.

With a nimble bound the stranger placed his back against a tree, and flashed the bright broadsword from its sheath.

"Then you must take me dead; never living!" the man at bay cried, defiantly.

"You cry loudly, my master," said the leader of the warlike band. "Your name, so that we may know whether you are a foe to Scotland's king or no." And as he spoke a shrivelled smile was on his face.

"Men call me Hob of Teviotside. I would not deny my name were you James himself!" the stranger said.

"The moss-trooper!" exclaimed the other, in surprise. And the soldiers looked at the stalwart figure of the stranger in wonder.

"So men call me."

"I've heard of you; but sheath your sword. We owe no homage to James of Scotland. I am called John Kennedy, and follow the lead of English Will."

The name of English Will, otherwise called William Brotherton, was well known to the stranger. He was one of the worst of the English marauders who took advantage of the almost constant war existing between England and Scotland to improve his own worldly goods at the expense of the Scots living near the border.

"You have nothing to fear; dog eat not dog, and the English moss-trooper does not prey upon his Scottish brother," Kennedy said; "but, what brings you to the Lammermuir Hills and alone?"

"Myself and hard fortune have been bosom friends lately," replied Hob, with a sigh. "The lord of Graham gave myself and men a sound drubbing a week ago at Stillwayburn, and since that time, the king's men have hunted me down, until at last not a single trooper remains to back my quarrel."

"Join our band then. We need stout men-at-arms like yourself. Good swords are not over plenty. And if you seek revenge on the Graham, ere nightfall you shall have it."

"Ah! how?" questioned Hob.

"A fair sprig of the house of Graham lives in the tower of Carkirk, just round yonder point. Our leader, English Will, has been charmed by the beauties of fair Anne Graham, and within an hour we mean to seize the Tower and bear off the girl. The place is but poorly guarded, and the capture will be easy."

"I'll bear you company," said Hob, after thinking the matter over for a moment.

"Good; we expect English Will back every moment to give the order for the attack."

And even as Kennedy spoke, the leader of the outlaws came around the bend in the road.

"Whom have we here?" the Englishman asked, as he looked upon the moss-trooper Kennedy explained.

"You are welcome, Hob!" cried English Will. "Your fame has crossed the border, and many an English lord curses the hour when you raided on his lands. Where are the horses, Kennedy?"

"Close at hand in the thicket. I have added to the number, for an hour ago I found a gray steed tied within the forest, as fine a beast as ever man backed."

"By St. Andrew! you have captured my horse, comrade!" exclaimed Hob. "I lost my gray steed in the thicket."

"Tis yours again; we rob not our friends," said Kennedy.

"Let one man remain with the horses; the rest with me will surprise the Tower!" cried the Englishman.

The party proceeded on their way. Keeping within the shelter of the wood, they approached as near to the grim old tower that stood by the sea, as they could without betraying their presence to the warden at the gate.

Then one of the troopers, who was disguised in a rough plowman's garb, sallied forth from the wood, and, approaching the warden of the castle, engaged him in conversation.

The unsuspecting Scot, not dreaming of danger, readily gave the information that the stranger asked. Then suddenly the Englishman seized the warden by the throat. Forth poured the outlaws from the wood, and the soldiers of the castle realized that they were attacked, English Will and his followers had won the portal.

The struggle was short. The Scots, outnumbered, made but a feeble resistance, and soon the Tower of Carkirk and its inmates were at the mercy of the marauders.

"Why do you come with weapons of war in your hands in time of peace?" asked the old laird.

"I love your daughter, Anne," replied English Will. "I would have her to wife, and as the only way to win her, I use the strong arm of power."

"When Scotland's king hears of this outrage, dearly will you rue it!" cried the laird, in anger.

"Then he must seek me across the English border, and many a glittering spear must bring him in his train," replied English

Lightly the archer leaped from his horse, fitted an arrow to his bow and drew it to his shoulder. The twang of the bow-string rung sharply on the air. The shaft whistled along in its flight. The horse, turning a slight angle in the wood, presented a fair mark. The arrow passed through the steed, just behind the shoulder. The horse faltered, fell upon his knees, and then rolled over on his side, dead.

A cry of joy went up from the marauders. As the horse fell, the Scot had leaped nimblely from the saddle, still bearing the girl in his arms, and gained the ground unharmed.

Like birds of prey the Englishmen came onward to their victim.

But, round the angle of the crooked road came a large troop of Scottish horsemen, wearing the royal colors. Bright flashed the steel in the air as the northern broad-swords leaped from their sheaths.

The marauders, amazed, wheeled their horses quickly around and sought safety in flight. The pursuers became the pursued.

The Scots dashed on after the retreating foe.

Nearly all of the Englishmen escaped by forsaking their horses and finding shelter in the wood, but English Will, John Kennedy and a few more were taken prisoners.

A blight upon the hand of the foul knave who with his shaft has slain the best that stood before him, the press of a Scot's knife!" cried the man who had called him self Hob of Teviotside.

The Englishmen looked upon the speaker in astonishment. From the respect paid to him by the Scots, they guessed that "Hob" was a noble of rank. A sudden light broke upon Will.

"We have been tricked, then; you are no moss-trooper!"

"No, by the grace of heaven, I am James, King of Scotland!" replied the pretended moss-trooper, laughing.

Many a long day in Stirling Tower the marauders rued the hour when they met the Scottish king in disguise amid the Lammermuir Hills, and with him raiding on the Tower of Carkirk. And Anne Graham never forgot to pray for good King James, who saved her from English Will.

THAT face is the noblest that beams brightest with benevolence, that hand the most beautiful from which benefits and favors and gifts are continually falling.



THE HUNTED HEIRESS.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

THE SCENE WAS ENOUGH TO ROUSE THE RIGHTOUS INDIGNATION OF ANY MAN.

IN AN OLD-FASHIONED AND SCANTILY FURNISHED ROOM IN A SOUTHERN PLANTER'S DWELLING, THE SCENE REFERRED TO WAS BEING ENACTED.

SEATED UPON THE FLOOR, WITH BOWED HEAD AND RAVEN LOCKS ALMOST TOUCHING THE ROUGH PLANKS, WAS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, APPARENTLY EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

ABOVE HER STOOD A MAN OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE BEEN HER FATHER. A CLOUD OFANGER HAD SETTLED ITSELF UPON HIS FACE, AND HE GAZED DOWN UPON THE ABJECT CREATURE WITH A SCOWL.

His arms were folded upon his bosom, and one of his hands grasped the handle of a cat-o'-nine-tails, whose lashes dangled at his side.

IT WAS EVIDENT, FROM THE SITUATION, THAT HE INTENDED TO APPLY THE TORTURE TO THE BACK OF THE GIRL, IF HE HAD NOT DONE SO ALREADY.

NOTHING BROKE THE SILENCE THAT BROODED OVER THE SPIRITED TABLEAU, SAVE THE CRACKLING OF THE FLAMES IN THE ANTIQUE HEARTH.

"NAOMI, ANSWER MY LAST QUESTION AT ONCE," THE MAN CRIED, "OR—" AND HE RAISED THE "CAT" MENACINGLY OVER THE UNPROTECTED HEAD.

ABOVE HIM CAME A TREMBLING VOICE FROM BEHIND TEAR-WET HANDS, "UNCLE JOSHUA, I DO NOT LOVE HART, YOUR SON."

"THAT DOES NOT ANSWER MY QUESTION," HE SAID, MORE MADDENED THAN EVER. "I ASKED YOU IF YOU WOULD CONSENT TO BECOME MY SON'S WIFE. NOW ANSWER THAT QUESTION. ANOTHER EQUIVOCAL SENTENCE WILL CAUSE THIS 'CAT' TO GLUT ITSELF WITH YOUR BLOOD."

A DEEP SILENCE OF SEVERAL MINUTES' DURATION FOLLOWED THE PLANTER'S THREAT, WHEN THE GIRL RAISED HER HEAD AND SAID, IN A VOICE ENTIRELY BEREFT OF HOPE.

"IF FORCED TO IT, I WILL BECOME THE UNLOVING WIFE OF YOUR SON."

A TRUMPHANT SMILE FITTED ACROSS THE PLANTER'S COUNTEENANCE, AND HE TENDERLY ASPISTED HIS WARD TO HER FEET.

"YOUR LAST ACTION WAS A WOMAN ONE," HE SAID. "YOU AND HART WILL GET ALONG FAMILIARLY. I COULD NEVER SEE ANY CAUSE FOR YOUR DEEPLY-ROOTED DISLIKE FOR HIM, AND THE PEOPLE SAY YOU WERE BORN FOR EACH OTHER. NOW, GO TO YOUR ROOM, CHILD, AND PREPARE FOR THE WEDDING, WHICH SHALL TAKE PLACE A WEEK FROM TO-NIGHT."

JOSHUA BLAKER HURRIED AWAY AS HE CEASED TO SPEAK, AND NAOMI GLIDED FROM THE DAMP APARTMENT AND SOUGHT HER OWN CHAMBER.

SHES WAS, AS THE READER HAS DOUBTLESS DI-

VINED, THE PLANTER'S NIECE. EIGHT YEARS PRIOR TO THE OPENING OF OUR STORY HER FATHER, DYING, LEFT HER IN THE GUARDIANSHIP OF HIS ELDER BROTHER, JOSHUA. HE BEQUEATHED TO HER ONE OF THE FINEST ESTATES IN ALABAMA, WHICH WAS TO BE PLACED AT HER DISPOSAL UPON HER REACHING HER NINETEENTH YEAR.

JOSHUA BLAKER WAS AN ARTFUL MAN; AND HE RESOLVED TO WED HIS SON TO THE HEIRESS.

TO SUCH A DEGREE DID HE NOURISH THE PLAN, HE DETERMINED TO ACCOMPLISH IT BY FOUL MEANS.

AT RALPH BLAKER'S DEATH JOSHUA FOUND HIMSELF A SUSPECTED MAN—MURDERED.

THE PERIOD OF SHORT DURATION, FOR A YEAR AFTER THE WEDDING THE PLANTER WAS CARRIED TO HIS TOMB. BUT HE DIED AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD, BLESSING HIS NIECE AND HIS SON.

AND TO-DAY A HAPPIER OLD COUPLE CAN NOT

BE FOUND IN THE STATE OF ALABAMA THAN BURTON KNOWLES AND HIS WIFE, ONCE THE PLANTER'S PRISONER.

GRAHAM OF TUSCUMBIA, AND TO-MORROW IS MY WEDDING-DAY. YOU MAY DISINHERIT ME IF YOU WISH; I LOVE ETHEL BETTER THAN YOUR RICHES. NOW, FATHER TAKE A SON'S ADVICE AND DEPART PEACEFULLY."

WITHOUT UTTERING AN AUDIBLE WORD JOSHUA BLAKER OBEYED, AND RODE AWAY AT THE HEAD OF HIS BAND.

THE FOLLOWING DAY HART LED THE BELLE OF TUSCUMBIA TO THE ALTAR, AND RECEIVED A COMMAND FROM HIS FATHER NEVER TO ENTER THE PARENTAL MANSION DURING THE OWNER'S LIFE-TIME.

THAT PERIOD, HOWEVER, WAS OF SHORT DURATION, FOR A YEAR AFTER THE WEDDING THE PLANTER WAS CARRIED TO HIS TOMB. BUT HE DIED AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD, BLESSING HIS NIECE AND HIS SON.

AND TO-DAY A HAPPIER OLD COUPLE CAN NOT

BE FOUND IN THE STATE OF ALABAMA THAN BURTON KNOWLES AND HIS WIFE, ONCE THE PLANTER'S PRISONER.

Only a Love Story.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"TLL NOT HAVE ANOTHER WORD TO SAY ON THE SUBJECT. I HAVE GIVEN YOU MY VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT, AND NOW I WASH MY HANDS OF THE WHOLE AFFAIR."

AND MR. LANCING, A SLIGHTLY-IRASCIBLE OLD GENTLEMAN, WHOSE HAIR WAS OF THE STUBBORNEST IRON-GRAY, WHOSE EYES MATCHED IT IN COLOR, AND WHOSE MOUTH AGREED IN CHARACTER, LEANED BACK IN HIS CHAIR, HIS ELBOWS ON HIS ARMS, HIS FINGER-TIPS ALL JOINING EACH OTHER.

IT WAS A REMARKABLY PLEASANT ROOM—THIS DINING-ROOM OF THE LANCING FAMILY, FURNISHED IN OAK AND GREEN, WITH A JOLLY FIRE BURNING IN THE GRATE, AND A CHEERFUL CANARY WARBLING IN THE SUNNY BAY-WINDOW, WHERE FLOWERS BLOOMED IN TIERS, AND A LARGE AQUARIUM SIFTED AND DIFFUSED THE SUN-RAYS BEFORE THEY STREAMED THROUGH THE WATER ON THE TURKISH CARPET.

A VERY CONSCIOUS-LOOKING ROOM, THAT BEPOKE THE FAT CONDITION OF THE LANCING FINANCES, AND FRANK BURLIFF, AS HE STOOD LEANING AGAINST THE VEINED MARBLE STOOL, HIS HANDSOME, WAVY HAIR BRUSHING AGAINST KATE L

or him. But, it's a very sudden idea, isn't it?"

She looked sharply at her daughter over her gold-rimmed glasses.

"Frank's a favorite of mine, you know very well, Kate; and you would go further and fare worse than to take him and his salary. You know that."

Kate bristled at the decisive language.

"I wish you'd let me alone, mother! You'll drive me to hating him yet!"

That night, when Frank Burcliff came to tell Kate all his plans, he was met in the parlor by Nell Havens, who, in her own sweet, tender way explained that Kate felt it her duty to dissolve the engagement. She professed her sympathy; added a word or two of staunch advice, and bade him Godspeed.

He was dreadfully cut up about it at first, and abruptly severed his connection with his employers and went—no one knew where.

It is almost incredible what a difference seven years can make in some women, while to others, they only add mature beauty and style. You would hardly have known Kate Lancing, that cold January day, as she sat by her fire in her gorgeous apartment, attired in a robe de chambre of richest amethyst-hued silk, jewels gleaming on her fingers, and every sign of wealth strewn about her.

Those seven years to her fickle, impatient disposition had added the most fretful perverseness; and her bright, nervous face, that in the days when Frank Burcliff had known her, had been all flushed and radiant, was sallow and mournful-looking.

But, she was a very rich woman at twenty-seven; her father had made a lucky speculation six months before he died, that had left her the heiress of seventy thousand dollars. Her mother had died shortly after, and she and her cousin Nell, to whom she turned in her loneliness, were living in the elegant mansion.

She had lovers, scores of them; old and young, rich and poor, handsome and ugly, but she eyed them all with suspicious distrust. It was her money, she told Nell, fretfully, and not her, they wanted; and Nell did not tell her of her wanting money herself in the bygone years, and not Frank Burcliff.

Somehow Nell never had forgotten the handsome, refined fellow, and all too often for her peace of mind she found herself wondering where he was; if he was married; if he would ever come back again—and—she never finished the interrogation, even in thought.

I think Kate Lancing often thought of him, too, in those days when she learned that it was not money alone that constituted happiness, but she seldom mentioned him. Nell never.

But they had their dreams, both these women, whom fate had reserved for a life so different from most women's. One, so unlovable; one, so purely womanly, and both elected to love this man.

Kate had repented, in the bitterest ashes of remorse, that she had cast him from her, and, but for the hope that would not be quenched, away down in her heart, that he must remember, and must come back one day from his wanderings and make it all up again, I think she never could have endured those seven years of gilded misery.

So she watched and waited, while Nell dreamed of the way he had wrung her hand that parting day so long ago, and blessed her for her loving kindness in softening the blow to him. She loved him so, that she was sure she would not be suffered to go on all her life unrewarded.

The awakening was very sharply sudden; very commonplace, and yet no one but those who have felt the anguish such a blow can impart, can appreciate the feeling of those two women, when, one bright spring day, they saw only a simple announcement in the daily paper, copied from some Western one, that Frank Burcliff was married to some strange girl away out in Minnesota.

It would have been pleasure to either of them to have learned he was dead, compared to the knowledge that he cared for some one else.

And they locked their secrets in their hearts, those two widely-different women, and took up their life again, with no change save the knowledge that there was nothing to look forward to.

Was He Fooled?

BY EVA EVERGREEN.

WELL, I declare, if this isn't awful!" exclaimed Sarah Platt, looking up from the letter she had just finished. "I don't see what in the world gets into people!"

"My dear Sarah, what is the matter?" inquired her sister Anna, with a comic elevation of her pretty eyebrows; "has Mrs. Tracy spoiled your dress, or have you had a proposal of marriage from John, the gander? or what dreadful thing has happened?"

"I dare say you're silly enough to be glad!" was the very amiable reply; "our cousin Ralph is coming to make us a visit! 'He's been to college,' he writes, 'and has got some learning'; and now he's coming to comply with our invitation, that summer we spent there. Oh! what a precious fool I was! I never would have asked him if I had thought there was the slightest danger of his ever accepting our invitation! An awkward, clumsy, country boor!"

"Now, Sarah, you ought to be ashamed to talk so of our good cousin!" exclaimed Anna, her blue eyes flashing spiritedly.

"To be sure, he was rather awkward, but as to being boorish, he was nothing of the sort, and his promptness and reliance in all matters of danger spoke well for his courage and nobleness of heart. I never expected to hear such words from your lips, Sarah, since during our short stay there, he twice saved your life at imminent risk to his own!"

"Oh, well, it was his duty to," said Sarah, carelessly; "the privilege of rescuing me was sufficient reward for him; and I'm sure," she added, with complacent vanity, "my loss would have been felt much more than his. But as you seem inclined to rehearse his numerous perfections, I'll leave you to the agreeable occupation, and consult mamma about this unexpected favor!" and she left the room, while Anna returned to the book she had been reading.

An hour or so passed, and Anna was at length aroused from her book by the sound of the door-bell, and the next moment she heard footsteps in the hall. She waited for a little while in silence, then, hearing no further sound, she opened the library door, and stepped softly out into the hall.

A young man stood there, nervously twirling his hat in his hands, and gazing around him in apparent admiration. He was dressed in a plain though neat suit, and his face, the features of which were remarkably handsome when they came to be scrutinized closely, was partly hidden by a sandy beard and whiskers.

As soon as Anna saw who it was, she came toward him with a pleased smile lighting up her pretty face, and held out her hand with frank cordiality.

"Good-afternoon, cousin Ralph!" she exclaimed; "I am real glad to see you! I thought you had quite forgotten us!"

"Oh, no, no!" replied the young man, earnestly. "And this is cousin Anna, is it not?" he added, taking the small hand in his own; "little cousin Anna, whom I taught to ride!"

"Yes," replied Anna, smiling; "but come into the parlor; you must be tired; and I will tell mamma and Sarah;" and after ushering him into the parlor, she tripped lightly off, returning with them in a few moments.

Mrs. Platt shook hands, and asked languidly after his family, while Sarah gave him a slight, indifferent nod, and then swept grandly to a seat, while Ralph gazed after her in evident admiration.

The evening passed pleasantly. Ralph, although somewhat awkward, conversed quite readily upon several topics, keeping his gaze directed toward Sarah as though captivated by her beauty; a fact which she was not slow to notice, and which pleased her greatly; for she was quite willing to receive homage, even from him.

When they separated for the night, Anna said to Sarah, as the sisters were left alone: "How pleasant cousin Ralph is! He is a little awkward, but not at all coarse or ungenteel; and he seems to be well informed, too. I'm sure, he's vastly improved since five years ago; and I guess you've altered your opinion of him, Sarah, for we were quite polite to him this evening."

"Oh, I have a reason for that," replied Sarah, with a yawn; "he's evidently smitten with me, and I mean to have some fun out of him, since there is no one else around just now. He'll propose to me before long, and then I can show him how nicely I've been fooling him!"

"Do you mean to say, Sarah, that you are going to lead Ralph on to a proposal just to humiliate and mortify him by a refusal?" demanded Anna, indignantly.

"I mean to punish him for his presumption in coming here," replied Sarah, coolly, "and teach him to know his place in future, and not attempt an intimacy with those so far above him as we are!"

"We are not above him!" exclaimed Anna; "he is our relation, and as good as we are, every whit! As for this scheme of yours, I shall tell him—"

"Do, and see how much good it will do you!" interrupted Sarah. "If the man will be a fool, that's his look-out, not yours! And now, if you please, I can dispense with the rest to suit yourselves."

The Avenging Angels:
OR,
THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCIOLO.
A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN OF THE WOODS," ETC.

"Cousin Sarah," he said, seating himself at her feet, "I came to tell you something which has been on my mind for some time. Will you hear it?"

"Yes, Ralph," replied Sarah, sweetly, inwardly exulting at having fooled her cousin.

"Well, cousin," continued Ralph, hesitating a little, "I have been so charmed with your beauty, that I want to make our relationship a closer one. And so—"

"Go on, Ralph," urged Sarah, as he paused.

"I have made you my sister," said Ralph, smiling.

"Your sister!" exclaimed Sarah, entirely taken aback; "how—"

"By asking dear little Anna to be mine," proceeded Ralph, his eyes dancing with mischief; "and I have come for your congratulations, for she has consented."

For a moment Sarah sat speechless; with all her maneuvering, she was the one who had been fooled after all! and as soon as she could recover herself, she sprang from her chair and bounced out of the room without a word, and hastened to find her mother, which, after some little search, she accomplished.

"Isn't it ridiculous, mother?" she exclaimed, after a few moments of angry silence: "Anna has thrown herself away on that ignorant, awkward—"

A step near them made them pause; and glancing up, they saw to their astonishment a tall, elegant gentleman standing in the doorway.

"Why—why, it's cousin Ralph," exclaimed Anna, darting forward, after a moment's bewildered scrutiny of the stranger's face.

"Of course it is, pet!" exclaimed the young man, laughing, and folding her in his arms; "and now," he continued, turning to Mrs. Platt and Sarah, who stood regarding him in speechless astonishment, "let me explain this little *coup de main*. When you last saw me, I was an awkward, comparatively ignorant country youth of nineteen. But since then I've passed through college, received a good education, and am tolerably presentable," with a laughing glance at the graceful figure reflected from the mirror; "well, having become very much attached to my cousins at the time they visited us, I resolved to see them again and if possible win one for my bride. And in order to see if they would love me as I was, I disguised myself, so to look as I did five years ago. I have made my choice," and he lovingly drew Anna to him; "and now I throw off my disguise, having no further need for it."

It would take a volume to contain the various exclamations and questions which greeted our hero as he finished his story. It is needless to say that he remained to the party, turning the heads of half the girls there; and shortly after there was a wedding; but as I was not invited, I can tell you no more about it, so you'll have to finish the rest to suit yourselves.

CHAPTER XXXII.—CONTINUED.

Toward evening Steve lagged behind. The trail appeared wonderfully fresh and obvious.

The dog gave a low whine as it woke from its sleep. Steve pointed to the ground. The young officer put the animal down. It sniffed about, ran a little way, lifting its lame leg, and then came running back.

"We are close upon them vagabones," said Steve. "I thort so. Keep close, cap'n, and let the dog hide; I will step on."

In about an hour an hour Steve returned, not walking, but creeping on his hands and knees through the high grass. Roland did not see him until he was close.

"Well?"

"Them thieving Shawnees has left a rear-guard, that the squaws and young 'uns may git on quick. We must lie close. If that 'ere dog barks, we're lost."

The dog did not move. Roland mused a few minutes.

"I will leave him here while we advance and watch them," was the reply.

He then placed the dog upon the ground, and, clutching his rifle, led the way along the trail. He had not gone fifty yards before the light of a fire, the smell of roasted flesh, and voices, indicated that they were close to the red-skins.

They were about thirty in number, all warriors of experience, who were busily engaged eating or smoking. One or two, at a small distance from the fire, in the gloom, were eyes out in sympathy for Ralph.

"We are to have some friends here tomorrow evening," said Sarah, one day to Anna, as they were sitting in the library, Ralph for the time being absent; "and I mean to bring him to a proposal to-night so as to have him out of the way by that time, for I wouldn't have them see him for the world. He has behaved tolerably well to be sure, but his clothes and horrid sandy hair are too much. But, there's mother calling you!"

Anna hastened away, her eyes brimming with tears, and as soon as her mother released her, she hastened out doors, and sitting down under a tree, burst into tears.

"Oh, how can she be so wicked!" she sobbed; but just then a shadow crossed the grass, and a voice asked:

"Anna, little cousin, what is the matter?"

Anna raised her eyes and met those of Ralph, who was gazing affectionately upon her.

"What troubles you?" he asked, seating himself beside her and taking her hand.

"I must tell you!" exclaimed Anna, after a moment's hesitation; "Sarah is only deceiving you; she—she—"

"Thinks I am infatuated," finished Ralph; "I knew it, and thought I'd humor her for a while. Anna," he continued, earnestly, "there is one here whom I love; the one who loves me best. Who is that, Anna?"

Anna made no reply, but a tear trembled on her dark lashes.

"Is it not yourself, little one?" he asked, passing his arm round her waist; "Anna, darling, I can call you 'cousin' no longer; my lips can form but one word, 'wife'; may I call you so one day, darling?"

"Now, reader, although I was playing the not very proper part of an eavesdropper, I couldn't hear Anna's reply, but it must have been all right, for a moment after they were kissing each other in a manner that seemed to be highly satisfactory to both parties.

"And now," said Ralph, at last, "when does Sarah expect a proposal from me?"

"She intended it to be to-night," laughed Anna.

"Well, I'll gratify her, partly," said Ralph, while a roguish light danced in his eye; "good-by pet, for the present," and after another series of "lovers' exchanges" he released her and entered the house and parlor where Sarah was occupied with a book.

It is not more than twenty yards from him.

The tree near which he stood was one of huge dimensions. Drawing himself close up so as to be quite hidden, Roland remained breathless and anxious, for, as he did so, he heard footsteps on the other side, equally slow, heavy and monotonous.

This was something of a trial to the young man's feelings, which, however, were next minute braced up to their utmost tension when two figures stepped from the deep gloom beyond into such light as always exists close to a watcher at night.

"Is that you?" growled a heavy voice, that thrilled to the heart of the young Avenger.

It was that of Moses Horne, the chief of the Bandits of the Scioto; and he stood close to his hand, not four feet distant, leaning on his rifle.

"I am Careajou, the Wild Hog," replied "I am Careajou, the Wild Hog," replied

"And a darnation fine name!" said Mo, laughing.

"My brother speaks loud; the trees have ears. If he would hold council he must speak low. The whispering of the nightingale is better at night than the hoot of the owl."

"Is our presence suspected?"

"The ears of Indians are very sharp. There have been strange sounds in the woods, and my brothers have listened."

"Then our talk must be short."

"Ugh!—the Wild Hog listens."

"You hate the Black Hawk?"

"He has robbed me of an Indian maiden I had chosen for my wigwam, and he has insulted me in the council-chamber," was the cold and stern reply.

"Would my brother be avenged?"

"An Indian never forgives."

"Well, that's pretty much the case with most people," said Moses, who spoke in the Indian dialect; "but what is your idea of revenge?"

"Pale-face," said the Wild Hog, laying his hand impressively on the other's arm, "which of the young squaws have you chosen for your share?"

"Well," replied Mo, to this home-thrust,

"I ain't very particular. Any but the mad 'un. I wanted her, but I will be content with Ettie."

"Then the Wild Hog will be content with Matata."

"Good! Now, how is it to be done?"

"The Hurons are on our trail—that we know. When the red blood flows, and there are men in conflict, the pale-faces and Careajou will flee with the squaws."

"It is enough. I and my brothers will join you in the morning, and march in company. But no tricks, Indian. I mean what I say, and by thunder! won't stand any nonsense."

"A man has but his word," replied Careajou, gravely, and turned to rejoin his comrades, who, however, would take little notice of the absence of a brave supposed to be outlying in the forest.

"And a white man ain't got nothing better for his bond," muttered Horne, "but not to a darnation scarecrow of an

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DARING VENTURE.

STEVE wrung the captain's hand, and then, having recourse to his wallet, speedily changed himself into an Indian—at all events, such an Indian as might, on a pinch, pass muster at night.

Steve had a loose caftan shirt and Indian blanket, while round his head he tied a rude handkerchief with feathers, and daubed his face, arms and breast with streaks of red, black and green paint, representing snakes, lizards, and other reptiles. Roland almost smiled as he noticed the transmogrification of a white scout into a drunken-looking savage.

But there was no smile on the lips of Steve, whose whole soul was now in arms to avenge the murder of his mother, and the long and cruel disappointment which his vow had imposed upon him.

The officer would gladly have accompanied him, but the scout earnestly explained of what little service he must be without that skill and knowledge of Indian craft which it takes the trappers and others nearly a lifetime to compass. Cunning and presence of mind, quick resolution to act, with an utter scorn of danger and readiness to shed blood without mercy—such were the qualities needed on an expedition like the present.

The soldier, however, after some discussion, it was agreed should remain concealed, not in the woods, but among the thickets on a rugged plain on the opposite side of the river to which was the village.

When the twilight had departed, and the water rippling past showed the light of the stars upon its surface, the two men, guided as much by the uproar in the village as by their knowledge of its position, kept down the side of the hill until they reached the spot where Roland was to remain.

They could now clearly distinguish not only the wild whoop of rejoicing, the plaintive, wailing cry of mourning, but the shrieks, laughter and squeaking of women, the undistinguishable prattle of children, the barking of dogs, and all the other usual noises of an Indian village.

While this was the case nothing could be done, as no one could enter the village unquestioned.

It was only when within its precincts that a man could hope to be safe from the curiosity of the Shawnees.

The sudden junction of the forces of Carcajou and Theanderigo was of itself a hopeful incident, as the Shawnees of the two tribes would not be all personally known to one another. The wigwams of the former, which had no women in them, were mere hasty huts, erected at no great distance from the river, while the others were permanent habitations.

The night might easily have been darker and more suited to the purpose with which Steve started on his journey; but the Indian village, fortunately, lay chiefly in the shadow of a hill that rose abruptly from the plain, dotted with majestic maple and tulip trees that rose in dark and solemn masses above it.

But the chief thing to be done was to enter the village.

Now this could only be done on the side where Carcajou was encamped, for one simple reason, which passed through the head of Steve with lightning-like rapidity, that most men might have forgotten.

These Shawnees were away from home on the war-trail; hence they would be unaccompanied by women, children, or dogs. Now it was the dogs that would have been in the way of the scout. Their barking might indeed have been fatal to his enterprise.

He selected with extreme care a huge pine tree growing on the banks of the stream, and gilded behind it. Its heavy shadow fell directly like a path toward the village.

Its top was confounded with a wretched pile of skins and boughs, dignified with the name of a hut, and toward this the scout took his way.

Now came the moment of peril. Though most of the savages had been feasting, yet others might be awake and sober, so that all depended on his first entrance. A timid, slinking, cautious gait might obtain for him the character of a spy. Drawing his blanket round him, therefore, with all the dignity of an Indian chief, he strolled on, as if careless of observation.

He was inside the wigwam.

Not a word had been spoken to him, not a head had been raised from the rude pillows on which the warriors lay.

But Steve was compelled to halt.

There lay between himself and the camp of Theanderigo an obstacle which might or might not prove dangerous, according to circumstances. It was a long strip of moonlight, that, passing through a narrow gap in the hill-top, looked like a stream of silver between the dark ground.

But hesitation might, above all, be fatal; so, with a lounging gait, the pale-face scout entered the white line of light, and crossed it slowly in the direction of the village, which was now an irregular mass of wigwams.

Several Indians were astir, chiefly drunkards, seated round a small fire after a debauch; and these Steve especially avoided, as, had he ventured near, they might have been on hospitable mood intent, and have asked him to join their company.

Now that Steve was in the very heart of his enemies' fastness, his object was twofold: to discover the abode of the women, to whom his presence might give comfort, and to discover what Carcajou was doing. But in so large a space, and among so many, how was this to be done?

But suddenly a change occurred which gave renewed hope to the scout and roused his energies. The sky became suddenly overcast by clouds, while deep darkness enveloped the Indian village; gusts of wind swept with a moaning sound over the adjacent hills, waking the forests from their repose, whirling and fluttering aloft like flights of the boding night-raven.

There was darkness now, and no use to hide him or to disguise his progress, so that he, without difficulty, reached the public square, where stood the council-house, and the wigwams of the principal chiefs, near which many trees had been allowed to remain.

The middle of the square was a fire, with a guard, but all slept.

The scout was now about to step out boldly from behind a tree, when his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps, and he saw a man in the garb of an Indian chief creeping cautiously, at no great distance, from bush to bush and tree to tree, as if afraid of being discovered. The heart of the Avenger leaped to his mouth as he glided after the man.

Striking away from the council-hall, the shadowy guide soon halted before a hut of a kind generally confined to the renegade braves, who, driven from society for abominable crimes, were gladly received by the red-skins, as promising them many advantages.

Around it were bushes, and one large tree waved over its roof with a creaking sound.

The hut was round and larger than most of those occupied by inferior or less wealthy warriors, being, however, only lit by a fire burning dimly in the center of its earth floor; its wooden walls blackened with smoke and time.

There were many articles of value to an Indian, hanging from cross-poles or beams, such as wooden bowls, earthen pans and pots, guns, hatchets, fish-spears, and trophys.

At one end was a platform of skins, with curtains of mats, on which lay a beautiful Indian girl, in all the calm and innocence of sleep.

The Indian who had guided Steve thus mysteriously to the entrance of the hut, still stalked in. He was a warrior of about fifty, in all the vigor of manly strength, armed and painted for war, his grim countenance hideously daubed on one side with vermilion, on the other with black, a long scalping-knife, without sheath or cover, swinging from his waist belt, while a hatchet, the blade and handle both of steel, was grasped in his hand.

The man gazed long and ardently on the countenance of the young girl. His passions were doubly up in arms—he hated Theanderigo, and he saw that the maiden was very beautiful.

It was Carcajou, the Wild Hog, and Mata-ta, the affianced bride of Kenewa.

The Wild Hog halted about four feet from the girl, gazing at her with a look in which admiration was blended with other and powerful feelings.

Then he stepped forward, and touched her on the arm.

With a start the girl leaped up, gazed about her with a strange and bewildered air, and then stood erect.

"Can not a girl sleep in peace, though a prisoner?" she said.

"Whose prisoner is my sister?" asked Carcajou, in as civil a tone as he could assume.

"I am no man's prisoner. Theanderigo, the Black Hawk of the Shawnees, has stolen from a man. He will come, he will give peticoots to the Shawnees, and he will take his own where he finds it."

"Theanderigo is a skunk—he is a whipping cur. I am Carcajou, the Wild Hog—I am a great chief. I have fought the Longknives. I have drunk their blood, and the blood of their wives and little ones. When they hear the war-cry of Carcajou they run like the prairie-wolf at the voice of the panther—for who ever stood and faced Carcajou?"

The warrior paused.

"If my brother be the enemy of Theanderigo, he is therefore my friend?"

"I am. My tongue is not forked. Carcajou would be revenged on Theanderigo—he has stolen from me the maiden who was to adorn my wigwam—she is the mother of his children. She is old and ugly now, and the dogs of the plain may eat her carcass. It is seven years ago; but though love has gone revenge is here. I am Carcajou, and I am not avenged."

"How is a Huron girl to help you?"

"Carcajou has few warriors, Theanderigo has many. But Kenewa, the brave of braves, is coming up. If the Wild Hog restores the Prairie Rose to her warrior, will he not aid Carcajou to be avenged? I have spoken."

"Indian!" said the girl, proudly and haughtily, "you are a Shawnee, and the Shawnees are the enemies of my race. But I can not believe you. You are here as the friend of Theanderigo; you have eaten with him, drank with him, smoked the calumet of peace with him. Go, you are a dog to betray your brother. I spit upon you—land."

"Ugh!"

"What treaty?" asked Steve.

"Carcajou is a chief; he is worth a dozen women. Let the Shawnees give us our squaws; we will give them Carcajou, the Wild Hog. I have said."

"A good idea," observed Roland.

"Steve groaned.

"True," thought the young officer, and laying his hand upon the arm of Kenewa he told the scout's story.

The iron hunter never moved a muscle.

"Wagh!" cried Kenewa, who, like all his race, had a great reverence for the vendetta feeling.

"Tis very kind of you, cap'n," said Steve, with a groan, "very—to think of a poor fellow like me; but it can't be—no, it can't be. My feelin's ain't goin' to stand ag'in the gals. This man is my prisoner; but, Steve—"

"Do you propose a treaty?" asked Roland.

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"AN INGIN TALE."

BY DAVID PAULDING.

What I settid war on the big Red River:
They'd as lieve raise yer hair as not; yet;
I didn't car'; I hunted and trapped jes' as free
As if Injins war scarce, and I live yet, yer see.

I married in ther clearin's and fished her out,
She's like an angel, golden hair and eyes of blue;
Our children, boy and gal—we had only two—
Made him a heaven; yer kin bet that ar' is true.

But one day, I started ter ther station ter trade;
Tur night bein' ther wuss trip I ever made.

I kem back well packed with provision and joy.
But, tur war gone, so war wife, and gal and boy!
Now long on the left, and I seen by their tracks
The heathen red niggers had come to attack.

Cabin burned and my family all gone to thunder!

Then I got mad, I axes yer, ar' it a bit o' wonder?

I lifted ther trail of ther infernal red niggers.

I made up my mind ter wipe 'em out at creation;
I counted ther tracks—I war allers good at figgers.

That was jes' ten. I wudn't car' I been the huntin'.

By day and night I followed 'em, and one by one,

I wiped 'em all out. Reveno war fine fun!

But now, my yarn cumns to its p'int; yer see.

I war so dazed I never thought ter look for traces.

Of my wife and kids, and when I reached Fort Downey,

That they welcomed me with smiling faces!

Yer see they escaped 'fore then impchin' down; so I killed 'em for nothing. I ain't sorry though.

The Miser's Treasure.

A SKETCH OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

THE British troops were advancing upon America's richest seaboard city, and the inhabitants, terrified at the approach of the invader, were collecting their valuables, preparatory to fleeing inland.

The city was poorly defended, and, with much reluctance, the commandant had decided upon immediate evacuation.

Upon the night preceding the necessary abandonment, two men were seated in a sumptuously furnished apartment. One had entered the decline of life, while his companion, clad in a Lieutenant's uniform, could not have passed his twenty-third year.

"Robert, I am ashamed of the soldiers of my country," said the elderly one, with fastidious indignation.

"Why?" quietly asked the soldier, meekly raising his eyes.

"Because, to-morrow they prove themselves cowards."

"Mr. Paulton, you do not look upon our proposed movement in the proper light," said the young man. "The advancing force numbers twelve thousand men, accompanied by thirty pieces of cannon. Our garrison, all told, is composed of but twelve hundred men, with fourteen cannon, eight of which are unfit for use. Therefore, under the circumstances, as any sane man will admit, a defense would be folly."

"You should emulate the example of Leonidas."

"But we have no Thermopylae."

The old man rose to his feet, and traced the room with bowed head and measured strides.

Suddenly he executed an abrupt pause before the soldier.

"Robert, I understand that you are Ellen's accepted lover."

As he spoke half-interrogatively, an answer was expected.

"I am happy to be called such," replied the Lieutenant, not daring to meet the flashing eyes looking down upon him.

"Then, know you, that with my consent, you are such no longer."

The soldier was about to speak, when Mr. Paulton continued:

"Yesterday, sir, I would have given you Ellen's hand without hesitation; but to-night you could not purchase it for the glittering gems of Golconda."

"You value it highly," spoke the young man, sarcastically.

"Yes, far beyond the wealth of your purse," was the reply. "A soldier who would desert helpless people is unworthy the hand of Ellen Paulton. Robert Geuvéneur, I hope you march from this city tomorrow to a coward's death. I expect to see these beautiful paintings torn from the walls by the king's minions, and my family subjected to gross insults through your cowardice. But my treasure, thank God, is deep buried in the cellar, beyond the enemy's accursed sight. I expect to see you no more. You are at liberty to go now."

The soldier rose; but paused with manifest precision.

"Ah! you would see Ellen," cried the old man; "but she is invisible to you. Go, coward; yonder is the door."

With quivering hand he pointed toward the threshold, and, silent with sadness, the soldier took his departure.

He bent his steps toward the barracks, where the troops were preparing to depart at daylight.

Walter Paulton had decided to remain in the city. He was wealthy, and exceedingly covetous, and would not be driven from his gold. The night preceding the opening of our story he had collected his valuables, and buried them beneath the stone floor of the capacious cellar. All alone, during the midnight hour, and with a lantern dimly burning, he consigned his riches to the keeping of mother earth. Their theft would break his heart, and send him prematurely to the dark goal of all mortal. I fear he doated more upon his gold than upon his only child.

Robert Geuvéneur remained at the barracks till the last preparations for evacuation were completed. Then he left his comrades, and directed his steps toward Mr. Paulton's residence.

He resolved to seek Ellen's window, and enjoy the bliss of a stolen interview.

After threading many dimly lighted streets, he found himself before the imposing mansion. A moment later he had vaulted over the low iron fence, and was in the rear of the building. Directly overhead was Ellen's chamber, to reach which he would have to gain the roof of the shed that terminated directly beneath.

He was about to begin the ascent, by means of the water-sput, when he discovered the cellar door at his feet to be wide open. Such a state of affairs was very strange, and, coupling it with the fact that Mr. Paulton had buried his valuables in the cellar, the Lieutenant was inclined to believe that all was not right.

At any rate, no harm would result from an investigation.

Therefore, he cautiously descended several steps, and paused.

Not entirely unexpected was the hum of voices that fell upon his ears.

Some persons were in the cellar.
A second descent rendered the voices distinguishable.

"No gold yet, Mare?"
"None, Pedro."
"The American can not have cheated us. We saw him carry the brass box into this place last night."

"Si, Pedro. The gold is here. We shall find it by-and-by, brother."

Then the voices ceased, and the sound of a spade reached the listener.

Resolving upon instant action, the soldier retraced his steps. He was convinced that two ruffians were digging after the miser's wealth, which he was determined they should not possess.

The passage leading to the cellar was long, gloomy, and strewn with rubbish. To thread it successfully he must needs have a light. From the sound of the voices, he knew that the strong oaken door at the end of the corridor was closed. It was without a lock of any sort.

Intent upon procuring a light, he noiselessly entered the kitchen, found a candle, and returned to the yard.

The next minute, with the light in one hand, and a double-barreled pistol in the other, he found himself in the corridor.

At last he reached the door, and managed to open it without noise.

Before him, unaware of his presence, were two huge, brutish-looking fellows, resembling the lower class of Portuguese assassins. One was half buried in a pit, still shoveling as if for dear life, while the other leaned over the excavation with a taper.

After gazing upon the brutal twain a moment, the soldier coolly raised his pistol.

The next moment a bright flash was followed by a loud report, and he who held the taper sunk back in the quiverings of death. The second villain leaped from the pit, but fell back into it, mortally wounded.

While the soldier was contemplating the work of death, steps echoed in the corridor, and Mr. Paulton sprung into the apartment.

A pistol-barrel flashed in his hand, and a moment later it was leveled at Robert Geuvéneur's breast.

"Villain! you would add robbery to cowardice!" he cried. "Die!"

A report followed the last word, and the soldier sunk to the ground with a chilling shriek.

Smoke still issued from the weapon's

would hev to take place right soon, if not sooner.

"We knowed it would hev to be a hefty gang that would tackle us, an' so, leavin' the fires to take keev of us, we up picket pins an' were off afore a mountain-cat could blink her eye."

"When we struck the high ground the imps hed left, an' we see 'em more'n a mile off, covarin' about on the prairie, shinin' up ther lances, an' jerkin' ther bows about in the air like so many crazy diggers."

"Then dodge won't go," said one of the sellers.

"More uv 'em yander in the timmer,' sed another one.

"Tryin' to draw us into a cussed ambushment, put in sumbody else."

"I wuv fur chargin' the imps, fur I didn't b'leve they wurr such darned fools es to try to steal a stache trick es that onto mountain-men; an' arter I sed so, most uv the sellers agreed, an' at 'em we went."

"Stead uv runnin', es they generally did, them Sioux kept covarin' about on the r' hoses, ridin' round an' round, an' yellin' like mad."

"But as we closed in onto 'em, they put out across prairiey, an' when they'd got a good big off, at they went ag'in, ridin' round an' yellin' Jess the same as afore."

"They played this on two or three times I could see that the boyees wurr gettin' the dander up, an' wurr keen to come to close work."

"The next time they put out, we kept straight arter 'em as hard as we could peit, an' in less'n a quarter we wuv in range an' gainin' on 'em right lively."

"All at onc'e them Sioux pulled up an' faced about, settin' in ther saddles es cool as you please, as evidently determined to let us kin to close quarters an' fight it out."

"Some uv the sellers begin handlin' the'r rifles, when Ned Slocum hollered out to wait an' use the'r six-shooters."

"Then wuv the ticket, an' the rifles wurr run across, an' the pepper-boxes hauled out fur hand-to-hand work."

"You see, all this time we wuv closin' in onto the red-skins, but they didn't seem to mind it at all."

"They ther sat, ev'ry nigger uv 'em wrapped up in ther red blankets, and not even handlin' ther weepins to be ready fur the scrimmage."

"I don't like it," said Ned. "Tain't natural, an' take my word, them Sioux ar' up to sum sort o' deviltry."

Father Grisset, in his "Traité de Preuves qui servent pour établir la Vérité de l'Historie," says nothing can exceed the dependence that may be placed on the journal of M. de Jonca. He adds that a great many circumstances relating to this prisoner were known to the officers and servants at the Bastile, when Monsieur de Launay was appointed mayor there; that M. de Launay told him he was informed by them that, immediately after the prisoner's death, his apparel, linen, clothes, mattresses, and, in short, every thing that had been used by him, were burnt; that the walls of his room were scraped, and the floor taken up; all evidently from the apprehension that he might have found means of writing something that would have discovered who he was; and that Monsieur d'Argenson, who often came to the Bastile when Lieutenant-general of the police, hearing that the garrison

aimed, who went to pay their compliments to their master, said that, while he was at table with his prisoner, the latter sat with his back toward the window that looked into the court; that this did not impress him, whether he sat with his mask on, but saw very distinctly that M. de St. Mars, who sat opposite to him, had a pair of pistols lying by his plate. They were attended at dinner only by a valet-de-chambre."

But Voltaire is the most circumstantial; in his "Age of Louis XIV." he says:

"Some months after the death of Cardinal Mazarin, in 1661, there happened an event of which there is no example, and what is no less strange, the historians of that time seem to have been unacquainted with it."

"There was a man, with the greatest secrecy, to the death of the King, M. de St. Marguerite, in the sea of Provence, an unknown prisoner, rather above the middle size, young and of graceful figure. On the road he wore a mask, with steel springs, that enabled him to eat without taking it off. Those who conducted him had orders to kill him if he made any attempt to discover himself. He remained there until the Governor of Pignerol, an officer of confidence, named St. Mars, being appointed governor of the Bastile, in 1690, brought him thence to the Bastile, always covered with a mask. The Marquis de Louvois, who went and saw him at St. Marguerite, spoke to him standing, and with the greatest respect. He was lodged in the Bastile as well as that castle would admit. Nothing was refused him that he desired. His chief taste was for lace and linen, remarkably fine. He played on the guitar. His table was the best that could be provided; and the governor seldom sat down in his presence. An old physician of the Bastile, who had often attended him when he was indisposed, said that he never saw his face, though he had frequently examined his tongue and parts of his body; that he was admirably well made, that his skin was rather brown, that he had something interesting in the sound of his voice, that he never complained, or let drop anything by which it might be discovered."

"This unknown person died in 1703, was buried in the night, at the burying-ground of the parish of St. Paul. What increases our astonishment is that, when he was sent to St. Marguerite, no person of importance in Europe was missing. Yet this prisoner certainly was a person of importance. See what happened soon after his arrival there. The governor put the dishes on the table himself, retired and locked the door. One day the prisoner wrote something with his knife on a silver plate, and cast it out of the window towards a boat that was drawn up to the shore, belonging to a master-fishererman to whom the boat belonged took up the plate and brought it to the governor, who, with evident astonishment, asked the man if he had read what was written on the plate, or if any other person had seen it. He said he could not read; that he had just found it, and that no one else had seen it. He was, however, confined until the governor was certain that he could not read, and that no other had seen the plate. He then dismissed him, saying: 'It is lucky for you that you can not read.'

The Abbe Papon relates "that a young lad, a barber, having seen one day something white floating on the water, took it up; it was a fine shirt, written almost all over. He carried it to M. de St. Mars, who, having looked at some parts of the writing, asked the lad, with an appearance of anxiety, if he had not had the curiosity to read it. He assured him repeatedly that he had not; but two days afterward the boy was found dead in his bed."

M. de la Borda informs us that M. Lignet, in the course of his inquiries, found that, when the Iron Mask went to mass, he had the most express orders not to speak or show himself; that the invalids were commanded to fire on him if he disobeyed; that their arms were loaded with balls; and that he therefore took great care to conceal himself, and to be silent.

Among the various conjectures respecting the Iron Mask, one writer supposes him to have been the Duke of Beauford, second son of Caesar, Duke of Vendome; but he was killed by the Turks in 1669. Another suspects him to have been the Count de Vermandois, natural son of Louis XIV., who died publicly with the army in 1683. A third says it was the Duke of Monmouth, of whose death, however, English history gives a very satisfactory account. A fourth says it was a minister of the Duke of Mantua; but the respect paid to the prisoner is sufficient to refute such an opinion.

Others have said the Iron Mask was the son of Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII., and that his father was the Duke of Buckingham, who was ambassador to France in 1625; but there is no ground whatever for the assertion. A more prevalent opinion is, that he was the twin-brother of Louis XIV., born some hours after him; and that the king, their father, fearing that the pretensions of a twin-brother might one day be employed to renew those civil wars with which France had so often been afflicted, cautiously concealed his birth, and sent him away to be brought up privately.

Beat Time's Notes.

It is very seldom that I propound a riddle, but I wish you would tell me what animal it is that flies through the ground, runs in the air, never was born, is twenty-five years old, never wakes, never sleeps, never moves, never stops, is and is not, was and wasn't, will be and won't, and eats itself up whenever it gets hungry? I am extremely anxious to know, for I am not aware what it is myself, and thought some of you would know better than I.

The sound of the sea is like a looking-glass because it is a mere-roar. The fellow who got this up, finding it was about to get him down, and that it reflected no credit on him, went and got a different glass with something else in it besides his face.

With my patent churn you can make ten pounds of butter out of nine pounds of milk, or in a pinch it will make butter out of pure water, and will renovate old butter, besides milking the cows.

If a government officer with a salary of \$1,500, manages to lay up \$20,000 a year out of it, give the exact circumference of the suspicion as regards his honesty.

A WORKMAN painting blinds though he have an eye to business is nevertheless a blind-painter.

If a man has nothing in the world, I like to see him keep a couple of patent bull-terrier pups.

CAN a hospitable inn be said to be inn-hospitable? Answer at your leisure.

PERSONS who repair to the saloons are apt to be damaged more.

Camp-Fire Yarns.</